FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

LIFE IN A SYRIAN LAZARETTO. Bditerial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. IN QUABANTINE, BEYROUT, SYRIA, Saturday, April 17, 1852.

Everybody has heard of Quarantine, but in our favored country there are many untraveled persons who do not precisely know what it is, and who no doubt often wonder why it should be such a bugbear to travelers in the Orient. I confess I am still somewhat in the same predicament myself, although I have already been tweaty-four hours in quarantine. But as one of the peculiarities of the place is, that one can do nothing, however good a will he has, I propose to set down my experiences each day, hoping that I and my readers may obtain some insight into the nature of Quarantine, before the term of my proba-

I left Alexandria on the afternoon of the 14th inst. We had a head wind and rough sea, and I ed in a torpid state during most of the voyage. There was rain the second night, but when the clouds cleared away yesterday morning. we were gladdened by the sight of Lebanon, whose summits glittered with streaks of snow. The lower slopes of the mountains were green with fields and forests, and Beyrout, when we ran up to it, seemed buried almost out of sight, in the foliage of its mulberry groves. The town is built along the northern side of a peninsula, which projects about two miles from the main lines of the coast, forming a road for vessels. In half an hour after our arrival, several large boats came alongside. and we were told to get our baggage in order and embark for Quarantine. The time necessary to purify a traveler arriving from Egypt from suspil cion of the plague, is five days, but the days of arrival and departure are counted, so that the durance amounts to but three full days. The Captain of the Osiris mustered the passengers tegether, and informed them that each one would be obliged to pay six piastres for the transporta tion of himself and his baggage. Two heavy lighters are drawn up to the foot of the gangway, but as soon as the first bex tumbles into them, the men tumble out. They attack the craft by cables to two smaller boats, in which they sit, to tow the infected loads. We are all sent down together, Jews, Turks and Christians-a confused pile of men, women, children and goods. A little boat from the city, in which there are representatives from the two hotels, hovers around us, and cards are thrown to us. The zealous agents wish to supply us immediately with tables, beds and all other household appliances, but we decline their help until we shall arrive at the mysterious spot. At last we float off-two lighters full of infected though respectable material, towed by oarsmen of most scurvy appearance, but free from every suspicion of taint.

The sea is still rough, the sun is hot, and a fat Jewess becomes sea-sick. An Italian Jew rails at the boatmen ahead, in the Neapolitan patois, for the distance is long, the Quarantine being on the land-side of Beyrout. We see the rows of little yellow houses on the cliff, and with great apparent risk of being swept upon the breakers, are tugged into a small cove, where there is a landing-place. Nobody is there to receive us; the boatmen jump into the water and pash the lighters against the stone stairs, while we unlead our own baggage. A tin cup filled with sea-water is placed before us, and we each drop six piastres into it-for money, strange as it may seem, is infectious. By this time, the guardianos have had notice of our arrival, and we go up with them to choose our habitations. There are several rows of one-story houses overlooking the sea, each containing two empty rooms, to be had for a hundred piastres; but a square two-story dwelling stands apart from them, and the whole o it may be had for thrice that sum. There are seven Frank prisoners, and we take it for ourselves. But the rooms are bare, the kitchen empty, and we learn the important fact that Quarantine is durance vile, without even the bread and water. The guardiano says the agents of the hotel are at the gate, and we can order from them whatever we want. Certainly: but at their own price, for we are wholly at their mercy. However, we go own stairs, and the chief of nies us, gete into a corner as we pass and holds a stick before him to keep us off. He is now clean, but if his garments brush against ours, he is lost. The people we meet in the grounds step aside with great respect to let us pass, but if we offer them our hands, no one would dare to touch a finger's tip.

Here is the gate : a double screen of wire, with an interval between, so that contact is impossible ! There is a crowd of individuals outside, all anxious to execute commissions. Among them is the agent of the hotel, who proposes to fill our bare rooms with furniture, send us a servant and cook. and charge us the same as if we lodged with him. The bargain is closed at once, and he hurries off to make the arrangements. It is now 4 o'clock, and the bracing air of the headland gives a terrible appetite to those of us who have been sea-sick for forty-eight hours. But there is no food within the Quarantine except a patch of green wheat, and a well in the limestone rock. We two Amercans join company with our room-mate, an Alexandrian of Italian parentage, who has come to Beyrout to be married, and make the tour of our territory. There is a path along the cliffs overhanging the sea, with glorious views of Lebanen, up to his snowy top, the pine-forests at his base. and the long cape whereon the city lies at full length, reposing beside the waves. The Mahommedans and Jews, in companies of ten, (to save expense,) are lodged in the smaller dwellings, where they have already aroused torpid fleadom. We return and take a survey of our companions in the pavilion : a French woman, with two ugly and peevish children, (one at the breast,) in the next room, and three French gentlemen in the othera merchant, a young man with hair of extraordinary length, and a filateur, or silk-manufacturer, middle-aged and cynical. The first is a gentleman in every sense of the word, the latter endurable, but the young Absalom is my aversion. I am subject to involuntary likings and dislikings, for which I can give no reason, and though the man may be in every way amiable, his presence is very distasteful to me.

We take a pipe of consolation, but it only whets our appetites. We give up our promenade, for exercise is still worse; and at last the sun goes down, and yet no sign of dinner. Our pavilion becomes a Tower of Famine, and the Italian recites Dante. Finally a strange face appears at the door. By Apicius! it is a servant from the hotel, with iron bedsteads, camp-tables, and some large chests, which breathe an odor of the Commissary Department. We go stealthily down to the kitchen, and watch the unpacking. Our dinner is there, sure enough, but alas! it is not yet cooked. Patience is no more: my companion manages to filch a raw onion and a crust of bread, which we share, and roll under our tongues as a sweet morsel, and it gives us strength for another hour. The Greek dragoman and cook, who are sent into Quarantine for our sakes, take compassion on us, hurry up a meal which is all nector and ambrosia, and leave us, filled and contented. leurging off into sleep on comfertable courbes. So closes the first day of our bearceration.

And the contract of the second of the second

This morning dawned clear and beautiful. Lebanen, except his snowy crest, was wrapped in the early shadows, but the Mediterranean glesmed like a shield of sapphire, and Beyrout, sculptured against the background of its mulberry groves, was glorified beyond all other cities. The turf around our pavilion fairly blazed with the splendor of the yellow daisies and crimson poppies that stud it. I was satisfied with what I saw, and felt no wish to leave Quarantine today. Our Italian friend, however, is more impatient. His betrothed came early to see him, and we were edified by the great alacrity with which he lastened to the grate, to renew his vows at two vards' distance from her. In the meantime, I went down to the Turkish houses, to cultivate the acquaintance of a singular character I met on board the steamer. He is a negro of six feet four, dressed in a long scarlet robe. His name is Mahommed Senoosee, and he is a fakeer, or holy man, from Timbuctoo. He has been two years absent from home, on a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, and is now on his way to Jerusalem and Damascus. He has traveled extensively in all parts of Central Africa, from Dar-Fur to Ashantee, and professes to be on good terms with the Sultans of Houssa and Bornou. He has even been in the great kingdom of Waday, which has never been explored by Europeans, and as far south as Iola, the capital of Ademowa. Of the correctness of his narrations I have not the least doubt, as they correspond geographically with all that we know of the interior of Africa. In answer to my question whether a European might safely make the same tour, he replied that there would be no difficulty provided he was accompanied by a native, and he offered to take me even to Timbuctoo, if I would return with him. He was very curious to obtain information about America, and made notes of all that I told him, in the quaint character used by the Moghrebbins, or Arabs of the West, which is nearly identical with the ancient Cufic. He wishes to join company with me for the journey to Jerusalem, and perhaps I shall accept him.

Sunday, April 18. As Quarantine is a sort of limbe, without the pale of civilized society, we have no church service to-day. We have done the best we could, however, in sending one of the outside dragomen to purchase a Bible, in which we succeeded. He brought us a very handsome copy, printed by the American Bible Society, in New-York. I tried vainly in Cairo and Alexandria to find a missionary who would supply my heathenish destitution of the Sacred Writings: for I had reached the East through Austria, where they are prohibited, and to travel through Palestine without them, would be like sailing without pilot or compass. It gives a most impressive reality to Solomon's "house of the forest of Lebanon," when you can look up from the page to those very forests, and those grand mountains, "excellent with the cedars." Seeing the holy man of Timbuctoo praying with his face toward Mecca, I went down to him, and we conversed for a long time on religious matters. He is tolerably well informed, having read the Books of Moses and the Psalms of David, but, like all Mahommedans, his ideas of religion consist mainly of forms, and its reward is a sensual paradise. The more intelligent of the Moslems are ashamed of the nature of the Heaven promised by the Prophet, and I have heard several openly confess their disbelief in the seventy houries and the palaces of pearl and emerald. Shekh Mohammed Senoosee scarcely ever utters a sentence in which is not the word "Allah," and "La illah il' Allah," is repeated at least every five minutes. Those of his class consider that there is a peculiar merit in the repetition of the names and attributes of God. They utterly reject the doctrine of the Trinity, which they believe implies a sort of partnership, or Godfirm, (to use their own words,) and declare that all who accept it are hopelessly damned. To speak of the false character of Mahemet's prophetship would excite a violent antagonism, and I content myself with making them acknowledge that God is greater than all Prophets or Apostles, and that there is but one God for all the human

This morning a paper was sent to us, on which we were requested to write our names, ages, professions, and places of nativity. We conjectured that we were subjected to the suspicion of political as well as physical taint, but happily this was not the case. I registered myself as a voyageur, the French as negocians, and when it came to the woman's turn, Absalom, who is a partisan of female progress, wished to give her the same profession as her husband-a machinist. But she declared that her only profession was that of a "married woman," and she was so inscribed. Her previet boy rejoiced in the title of "pleuricheur," or "weeper," and the infant as "titeuse." or "sucker." While this was going on, the guardiano of our room came in very mysteriously, and beckoned to my companion, saving that "Mademoiselle was at the gate." But it was the Italian who was wanted, and again, from the little window of our pavilien, we watched his hurried progress over the lawn. No sooner had she departed than he took his pocket telescope, slowly sween ing the circuit of the bay as she drew nearer and nearer Beyrout. He has succeeded in distinguishing, among the mass of buildings, the top of the house in which she lives, but alas! it is one story too high, and his patient espial has only been rewarded by the sight of some cats promenading on

race. I have never yet encountered that bitter

spirit of bigotry which is so frequently ascribed

to them; but on the contrary, fully as great a

tolerance as they would find exhibited toward

hem by most of the Christian sects.

I have succeeded in obtaining some further particulars in relation to Quarantine. On the night of our arrival, as we were about getting into our beds, a sudden and horrible gush of brimstone vapor came up stairs, and we all fell to coughing like patients in a pulmonary hospital. The odor increased till we were obliged to open the windows and sit beside them in order to breathe comfortably. This was the preparatory fumigation, in order to remove the ranker seeds of plague, after which the milder symptoms will of themselves vanish in the pure air of the place. Several times a day we are stunned and overwhelmed with the cracked brays of three discordant trumpets, as grating and dole ul as the last gasps of a dying donkey. At first I supposed the object of this was to give a greater agitation to the air, and separate and shake down the noxious exhalations we emit; but, since being informed that the soldiers outside would shoot us in case we attempted to escape, I have concluded that the sound is meant to alarm us, and prevent our approaching too near the walls. On inquiring of our guardiano whether the wheat growing within the grounds was subject to quarantine, he informed me that it did not convey infection, and that three old geese, who walked out past the guard with impunity,

years." "Oh no," he replied; "I have never been sick at all." " But are not people sick in Quarantine ?" "Stafferillah !" he exclaimed ; " they are always in better health than the people outside." "What is Quarantine for, then !" I persisted. "What is it for" he repeated, with a pause of blank amazement at my ignorance, " why, to get money from the travelers!" Indiscreet guardiano! It were better to suppose ourselves under suspicion of the plague, than to have such an explanation of the mystery. Yet, in spite of the unpalatable knowledge, I almost regret that this is our last day in the establishment. The air is so pure and bracing, the views from our windows so magnificent, the colonized branch of the Beyrout Hotel so comfortable, that I am costent to enjoy this pleasant idleness-the more pleasant since, being involuntary, it is no weight on the conscience. I look up to the Maronite villages, perched on the slopes of Lebanon, with scarce a wish to climb to them, or turning to the sparkling Mediterranean, view

"The speronara's sail of snewy hue Whitening and brightening on that field of blue," and have none of that unrest which the sight of a vessel in motion suggests.

Te-day my friend from Timbuctoo came up to have another talk. He was curious to know the object of my travels, and as he would not have comprehended the exact truth, I was obliged to convey it to him through the medium of fiction. I informed him that I had been dispatched by the Sultan of my country to obtain information of the countries of Africa; that I wrote in a book accounts of everything I saw, and on my return, would present this book to the Sultan, who would reward me with a high rank -perhaps even that of Grand Vizier. The Orientals, as you probably know, deal largely in hyperbole. The Shekh had already informed me that the King of Ashantee, whom he had visited, possessed twenty-four house full of gold, and that the Sultan of Houssa had seventy thousand horses always standing saddled before his palace. By this he did not mean that the facts were precisely so, but only that the King was very rich and the Sultan had a great many horses. In order to give them an idea of the great wealth and power of the American Nation, was obliged to adopt the same plan. I told him, therefore, that our country was two years' journey in extent, that the Treasury consisted of four thousand houses filled to the roof with gold, and that two hundred thousand soldiers on horseback kept continual guard around Sultan Fillmore's palace. He wrote all this in his book as well as the name of Sultan Fillmore, whose fame, in due time, will reach the remote regions of Timbuctoo. The Shekh, moreover, had the desire of visiting England, and wished me to give him a letter to the English Sultan. This rather exceeded my powers, but I wrote a simple certificate, explainng who he was, and whence he came, which I scaled with an immense display of wax, and gave him. In return, he wrote his name in my book. in the Mogrhebbin character, adding the sentence :

There is no God but God." This evening the forbidden subject of politics crept into our quiet community, and the result was an explosive contention which drowned ever the braying of the agonizing trumpets outside. The gentlemanly Frenchman is a sensible and consistent republican, the old filateur a violent monarchist, while Absalom, as I might have foreseen s a Red, of the schools of Proudhon and Considerant. The first predicted a Republic in France. the second a Monarchy in America, and the last was in favor of a general and total demolition of all existing systems. Of course, with such elements, anything like a serious discussion was impossible, and, as in most French debates, it ended in a bewildering confusion of cries and gesticulations. In the milst of it, I was struck with the cordiality with which the Monarchist and the Socialist united in their denunciations of England and the English laws. As they sat side by side, pouring out anathemas against "perfide Albion," could not help exclaiming: " Voilà comme les extremes se rencontrent!" This turned the whole current of their wrath against me, and I was glad to make a hasty retreat.

The physician again visited us to-night, to promise a release to-morrow morning. He looked us all in the faces, to be certain that there were no signs of pestilence, and politely regretted that he could not offer us his hand. The husband of the 'married woman' also came, and relieved the other gentlemen from the charge of the "weeper." He was a steat, ruddy Provencal, in a white blouse, and I commiserated him sincerely for having such a disagreeable wife.

BEVEOUT, (out of Quarantine,) Friday, May 21. The handsome Greek, Diamanti, one of the preprietors of the "Hotel de Belle Vue," was on hand bright and early yesterday morning, to welcome us out of Quarantine. The gates were thrown wide, and forth we issued between two files of soldiers, rejoicing in our purification. We walked through mulberry orchards to the town, and through its steep and crooked streets to the hotel, which stands beyond, near the extremity of the Cape, or Ras Beyrout. The town is small, but has an active population, and a larger commerce than any other port in Syria. The anchorege, however, is in an open road, and in stormy weather it is impossible for a boat to land. There are two picturesque old castles on some rocks near the shore, but they were almost destroyed by the English bombardment in 1841. I noticed two or three granite columns, now used as the lintels of some of the arched ways in the streets, and other fragments of old masonry, the only remains of the ancient Berytus.

Our time, since our release, has been occupied by preparations for the journey to Jerusalem. We have taken as dragoman the intelligent Greek who served us in Quarantine on the part of the hotel, and our mukkari, or muleteers, are engaged to be in readiness to-morrow morning. I learn that the Druses are in revolt in Djebel Hauaran and parts of the Anti-Lebanon, which will prevent our forming any settled plan for the tour through Palestine and Syria. Up to this time the country has been considered quite safe, the only robbery this winter, having been that of the party of Mr. Degen, of New-York, which was plundered near Tiberias. Dr. Robinson left here two weeks ago for Jerasalem, in company with Dr. Eli Smith, of the American Mission at this place. I am indebted for J. Hosford Smith, Esq., U. S. Consul for Syria and Palestine, for letters to all the Consular Agents in the places we shall visit, as well as to the American Missionaries at Aleppo and Mosul-Mr. Smith is highly esteemed by the native population here, and there is but one sentiment among American travelers regarding his attention to their interest and security.

The Revolver, a Mississippi paper, es a sharp shot at tobacco. The editor, who is an amusing fellow, speaks thus:

The Grandeur of Russia. BERLIN, Thursday, June 10, 1852.

If a country is to be judged, not by the political phrases and prejudices of the day but by the greatness of its aims, of the task allotted it, and of the means which it possesses to fulfill its destiny, then is Russia a great country, and the part it has yet to play in the world is one of vast importance.

It has but one parallel-its opposite, North America-no! not opposite alone, not alone the other extreme, but its actual corresponding parallel. Both slike young-both without the middle ages in their history-both with a comparatively thin population, but one increasing with gigantic rapidity-both irresistibly extending themselves-both under similar strong religious influences-both equally rich in religious sects-both engaged in a similar strife with slavery, which in one land has just as vainly been fought by the autograt, as in the other by the demogratic elementboth laid out after the same vast geographical measure-in both the same colossal character of their plains and streams.

And first, to bring the last point to view, what an extraordinary treasure does Russia possess in that zone of black, rich soil, which is separated from the Black Sea by the southern steppes! This territory, which comprehends some 540,000 square miles, is so rich that it will not bear manure, and needs but the slightest plowing. This will in future, with North America, become the natural granary of Western Europe. Further, what a monstrous capital, to be in the future developed, does Russia possess in the forests of the North of its European territory, extending some 300,000 square miles, in the borders of which scattered colonists have just begun to settle, and into whose interior religious sectaries are but just beginning to penetrate.

Further, what an intellectual capital does Russia possess in the original national element of her population! What civilized race has ever possessed such a gigantic foundation for its future

The national root from which the Grecian dominion sprung, was but a small band of men. That which was the foundation of Rome's world-wide supremacy was originally inclosed within the walls a single city. England's wide-spread rule was grounded by the Norman aristocracy and two or three million Saxons. In Austria the German element has thus far in vain contended for supremacy over the nations which combine to form that empire; whereas, a nation more closely united by speech, customs, manners, religion and political enthusiasm, occupying but a small portion of the immense territory indeed, but numbering 20,000,000 of souls, form the root and stem of the Empire of the Czar and a gigantic ruling element. Moreover, this element is by no means unmingled and pure.

Only by the mingling of races can the intellectual and the mental elasticity of a people bring forth that far-reaching vision, and that spirit of enterprise which makes it a power on earth, and gives it the force necessary for ruling the world. That unity alone, which springs from the mingling together of various nationalities, rendered possible the attainment of that position in history, which is occupied by the Greeks, the Romans, the Spaniards, the French and the English-even the Germans, in their contest with the Sclaves, the Celts and the Fins, have lost their purity of race, and thus won the strength to play a part in the world's affairs-even now the only powerful States in Germany, are the mingled ones of Prussia and Austria, while those which have remained unmingled, have also remained weak. Well, just so are the original Sclavonian Russians in the North mingled with Finnish races, in the South with Tartar and Mongolian, and the first conquerors and founders of the Russian State brought thither the vigorous addition of the Norman blood-a rich and manifold admixture, which can only be compared to the English combination of its aborigiual Saxon, Danish and Norman-French races, and which, when completely interfused and combined, must necessarily produce a power to influence the world.

Now the aboriginal Russian is the m vering, irresistible colonist that the world has yet known. Springing from a comparatively circumscribed territory, he has, in the space of a thousand years, drawn within his colonial system nearly the seventh part of the earth's surface.

The German race has also spread itself throughout the South and West of Europe-but by conquest; and when they had won Gaul, Spain, and Italy from the Romans, they made no endeavors to join their acquisitions to the mother

North America consisted originally of English Colonies, which, since the War of Independence have extended themselves with giant strides into the interior, but the vastness of the tide of emigration is partially owing to the streams from all parts of Europe-in their present form those colonies are the common work of the entire European

The Russian, on the other hand, has impressed upon his colonial system the stamp of unconquerde oncness. When he made his first appearance n history he was spreading himself over the limtless plains which lie between the Frozen Ocean and the Black Sea, and the Ural chain and the borders of Hungary-but he remains ever the same, ever in intimate connection with his home-He is a nomad and at the same time born for constancy-he spreads himself abroad, yet remains social and companionable-he disperses, but remains homogeneous- he loves adventure and farreaching enterprizes, his heart hangs not, as is the case with the German, upon his own particular home, his village or his city, but is chained inmovably to his Fatherland, his people, his native race, and wherever he goes, he still hangs to Russin, founds a new Russian province and changes the original inhabitants to fellow-Russians. Wille polonizes without fleets, or rather he leads a opposite existence, but in all the excitement of his vanderings, remains an inclienable member of his people.

The fruit, for example, of one of these thoroughly Russian expeditions of adventure, is Siberia, a colony destined to a mighty future, the key which shall open Asia from the Caucasus to China, while the English possess the second in India, and North America is probably destined sometime to win the third in Japan. Some idea of the future importsace of this colony may be formed from the fact that Siberia possesses nearly a million square miles of soil capable of cultivation and fruitful .that, in spite of the greatest part of its population being criminals, it has through its perseverance in old habits' and modes of thought, gained

EUROPE. In addition to their sacoir faire and urbanity, one is also reminded of the old Greeks by the Russian architecture, even in the case of the peasants' houses with their tasteful pillared halls, their colonades and embellishments, the Russian team of three horses abreast, their dances and choral song, with choral leaders, like the ancient Bacchants, above all, their love for elegance, their wit, and their tendency to trade, and even in matters of state, in which the tendency is to make the interest of the whole, and of the state outweigh all private interests, we are reminded of Sparta and of Plato's ideal political mechanism.

What Russia can effect in the matter of mingling races, and that in this respect America can alone be compared with her, is shown by what has, taken place within a few years on the Black Seas and especially upon its southern shores. Eight years ago Russia had not a foot of land there; it is hardly sixty years since the foundations were laid of her ports upon her southern seas, and yet already the population, of Odessa, for instance, is composed of emigrants, real settlers,-not strangers stopping for a moment-from the Alps, the Pyrances and Ararat, from Sweden, Malta, Egypt, from the Grecian Archipelago and the Spanish Balearic Isles, French, Germans, and Italians, pcople of all religions and sects, Great Russians and Little Russians, Serbs, Bulgarians, Jews and Armenians; and labor is organized in that port in a truly national manner; Sclavonians and Dalmatians, for instance, work at the docks, Gipseys are the smiths, Jews the bankers, brokers and factors, Germans, French and Italians the wholesale merchants.

An idea may be obtained of the grandeur of the internal colonization from the fact of the existence of spots where flourishing German colonies reaching in some instances to populations of 100,000 souls, dwell together-colonies, which retain their German customs, mingled with Russian peculiarities and organization.

Add to all this that there are many among the high nobility who have possessions as large as a German Principality, possessions full of vast agricultural establishments, such, for instance, as these for the breeding of horses, some of which produce an annual income of \$300,000; and, moreover, that peasants are not accounted rich. even when they can call a hundred horses, a hundred cows and a thousand sheep their own. Finally, let us add that the Great Russian, the kernel of this race, has, by nature and from the commencement of his history, his eyes used only to great dimensions, that he has a sphere for action extending from the center of Europe to Kinchta which he can consider as his native land and soil, and that he traverses it with all the delight of the nomad; and so much is certain, that the Russian has a gigantic, well-connected territory, and that he is the man to draw forth the still hidden treasures from the soil.

Thus much now by way of general abstract. In future letters we will examine the Absolutism which rules this monstrous empire, and its sig-nificance to Western Europe. BRUNO BAUER.

WASHINGTON.

The Smithsonian Institution. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. WASHINGTON, Friday, June 25, 1852.

Whatever political changes may attend the coming in of the next Administration, let us hope it will affect for good only the government and management of the Smithsonian Institution. To be sure, the Board of Regents presents to the public a striking enumeration of well-known and respected names, but nevertheless the Institution is in fact given into the power of a single, and in the highest degree despotic, will -which, as with all despots, is one-sided and presumptuous. This will regulates everything, giving impulse and pseudo life to the whole. What the end will be, nobody can guess; as yet a bottomless chasm separates all that has been done from the real intentions of the high-minded founder. Thus far, one can find nothing which justifies the comprehensive name of "Institution for the Increase and the Diffusion of Knowledge among Men." In one of my former letters I touched upon the subject of the shapeless mass of buildings erected for the Institution, and also on the pitifu condition of what is shown as the Library, not withstanding it boasts of the possession of a well salaried Librarian. With these topics I have finished, and this time I shall review other depart ments of the Institution as it is now managed.

In the Reading-room is to be found less than the average number of well-known English and American periodicals taken in establishments of the like character. At all events, less than in the Boston Athenaum or the New-York Society Library. The selection comprises little more than the principal local newspapers, some few of little name and influence from other places, some weeklies-as The Home Journal, The Carpet Bag, and the like-and one or two French and German publications.

The Physical Cabinet, with all its apparatus, is not to be compared to that of any of the smallest and poorest Gymnasia in Germany or France. A few instruments for philosophical experiments, still fewer for mechanics, or a few for electro-mag netism, chemistry, optics and acoustics, are all In a word, it is a very poor collection, and most of the individual articles are the gifts of private individuals. And this is all in this department to serve for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

I should mention that the funds of the Institu tion have been increased by \$200,000 funded interest of the original capital. Thus its materia powers and resources have been greatly increased how does it stand with the is tellectual?

Two volumes of the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge have been published. However interesting their contents may be-especially in that part relating to the celebrated pupil of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston-I doubt whether, as a whole, they snswer to the pompous announcement of them, and the rich and costly style of their publication. I am sure that, did the Direc. tors possess minds of more elasticity, American pens might have furnished contributions far more worthy to be placed in the class of those increasing human knowledge.

The Smithsonian Institution publishes a list of those foreign institutions with which it is in correspondence, and with which it exchanges publi. cations. Their number is about \$50. This has an amszing sound-still, to call things by their right names, it is merely a trap to catch gulls Out of this great number, hardly one-fifth are really worthy of mention, or possess any consideration in the learned world, and these alone publish anything worthy of an exchange. This is known to all who are at all acquainted with such matters. The rest will never rise from their obscurity and nothingness. But the list astonishes

eason, throughout the length and breadth of this vest Continent they are the constant objects of research, to which individuals are stimulated by the possibility of the immediate and profitable application of any discovery they may make. The increase and diffusion of this sort of knowledge will be far greater beyond the horizon of the Smithsonian Institution than within its limite. Here, higher conceptions of the variety of human knowledge ought to prevail. Mind as well as intellect ought to have fair play-ought to be embraced within the transactions of the Institution. Thus alone can it reach the highest and most truly beneficent region of human knowledge. Harmony is the supreme law of this region, as it is of the whole creation; and harmony consists in the proper combination of all the sounds, all the forces, all the faculties, and their respective productions. The ancients ever felt and acknowledged this, in their idea that a musical harmony ruled the movements of the celestial spheres, It is bad when the above-described exclusive-

knowledge, becomes the rule of an institution such as this was intended to be; and here this is eminently the case. One looks in vain for a comprehensive, catholic spirit. There is no aspiration to the higher spiritual regions-Matter, and ever Matter. Very good is all this for the meles of science; but, for the benefit of the public at large, for the sake of the founder, let a little Mind and Spirit be admitted. It should not be forgot that any science carried out one-sidedly to its utmost consequences, and torn from its barmonious connection with the all-binding spirit, runs finally into the absurd. With the microscope slene you will not penetrate Nature and snatch from her the secrets of creation; with the microscope or the retort you will never become the Demiourgos, or, as some of you think vourselves, the modern Prometheus; you will never discover, master and be able to make plain the thoughts of GoD.

ness, favoring certain branches only of human

Yet this comprehends the full amount given us this winter, in certain lectures at the Smithsonian. rooms, which have been trumpeted forth in the cars of a credulous public. These lectures will furnish the matter for a third volume of the Smithsonian Contributions. But you forget, gentlemen, that there is after all more of the Psyche than of the Physis in the works of God, and that the latter without the former would have remained for ages rudis indigestaque moles, a rude and indigested mass. But conceited myrmidons always forget the like. You neglect, and, to speak plainly, you nearly exclude all other branches of human knowledge which delight, form and illuminate the mind. Thus you leave no room for the moral, social, historical and really philosophical sciences.

From the lower regions of fishes and fo from the study of fragments of the physical creation, to which you give your whole lives, and in which you rest your glory, you impotently assume to unravel the thoughts of God. Neither KEPLER nor NEWTON, LA PLACE nor LAVOISIER. MULLER, OWEN, VON BUSCH, ELIE DE BEAU-MONT-nor even the giant CUVIER-nor so many others-your masters in every respect-had the like presumption. Whatever discoveries you may make, your views will always remain confined, from the want of a philosophical universality.

As little as you with your microscope can explain God in concreto, just so little, for example, can you by physical geography make known the destinies of mankind. These are to be sought in the great soul of all that is spiritual on earth-the philosophical conception of history. Neither slopes nor counter-slopes, table-lands nor declivities, the courses and mouths of rivers, nor the ferms and indentations of continents, decide or point out the destinies of communities or nations. These things taken alone as guides lead again into the absurd. If it be true that among rivers, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Ganges and the Yellow River have been descended by primitive tribes or the pioneer settlers in those regions, still greater is the number of rivers which the founders of nations and communities have ascended, and the same is true of table-lands, elevations and mountain ranges. Not indentations and the like casualties make men free, but internal spiritual agencies. Not physical conformations exclusively. settle the destinies of men, of societies, and of nations, but that higher mind which you disdain and forget. This alone can harmonize spirit and matter, and out of the accidental conformations of the globe. directing and combining all the forces and forms of action-unfold the destinies of humanity.

Thus not in the manipulation of instruments and of apparatus does knowledge, and useful knowledge, consist. You never will bring out of them what is required to make man moral, social and fit: for civil life. Yet herein consists real knowledge. Thus, in your ungenial hands will be reduced to nonentity the lofty and generous idea of the founder of the Smithsonian Institution-who surely wished for the increase and diffusion of moral knowledge, as the only check of the burdensome prejudices under whose pressure he groaned.

It is not, then, for you to claim the pessession of the attributes or criteria of a catholic mind-Your clique in vain claims the right to representand direct American intellect-to be its fountain of knowledge. This clique, whose center is this Institution, backed by some members of the Coast Survey, of the Pacific Exploring Expedition, and of some individuals in Boston and its vicinitythis clique moves in a spurious circle, barks and shows its teeth to all who refuse to acknowledge its supremacy. In its members, according to their own trumpeting, are concentrated official and non-official knowledge and learning. Thus Peter eulogizes Paul, Paul extols John, and soon; and we to anybody who dares dissent from or expose their presumption. The proceedings of the Scientific meetings at New-Haven, Cincinnati and Albany bear strong evidences of the doings of the clique.

Thus a large and dark cloud extends itself over all public establishments, including the Smithsonian. This cloud is darkest and thickest here, lowering over the cupola of the Capitol, as it were, absorbing like a sponge all the liberal appropriations generously granted by Congress for all claims of this nature. Some Congressional or administrative Hercules-not, however, out of the body of the present somnolent Regents-may appear to clean out these Augean stables. P. s.

Society at the Capital.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribons.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, July 10, 1852.

The session draws to a close—the excitement caused by the Presidential nominations is nearly over, the heat becomes intense, and for all these reasons taken together, Washington is nearly abandoned by all the beauty and fashion who walked out past the guard with impunity, were free to go and come, as they had never been known to have the plague. Yesterday evening the medical attendant, a Polish physician, came in to inspect us, but he made a very hasty review, and with a deviliab not of thest mere bring down on us from the top of a high horse.

**Monday, April 19, Eureka! the whole thing is explained. Talking to-day with the guardiano, he happened to mention that he had been three years in Quarantine, keeping watch ever infected travellers.

What! spid 1, "you have been sick three"

What! spid 1, "you have been sick three"

**We remember vitidly and weil, in our years of sin sin, but he mide and the important Regents, made the important Regents, sinnal season. The hotels, and evening parties, the working of its vast despite the importance of the discoveries in Celifornia more than double to the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made a very hasty review, small through the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made and the impocent Regents, sinnal season. The hotels, and evening parties, the withstanding the imperfact working of its vast despois of gold, it furnished for some years previous to the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made a very hasty review, small through the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made avery hasty review, small through the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made and the impocent Regents, sinnal season. The hotels, and evening parties, the additives them a high idea of the activity of the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made and the impocent Regents, sinnal season. The hotels, and evening parties, the without devery hour, and with a devillable of the activity of the discoveries in Celifornia more than double in the made and the impocent Regents, and the impocent Regents, in the made and the impocent Regents, and the impocent Regents, and the made of the activity of the discoveries in Celifornia more than double that crowd it so intensely during the Congres-